

# SPARK





Beverly Clarkson

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# SPARK

THE STORY OF A BULL TERRIER  
AND HIS DOG FRIENDS

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Cloth bound edition with 10 additional full  
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BY  
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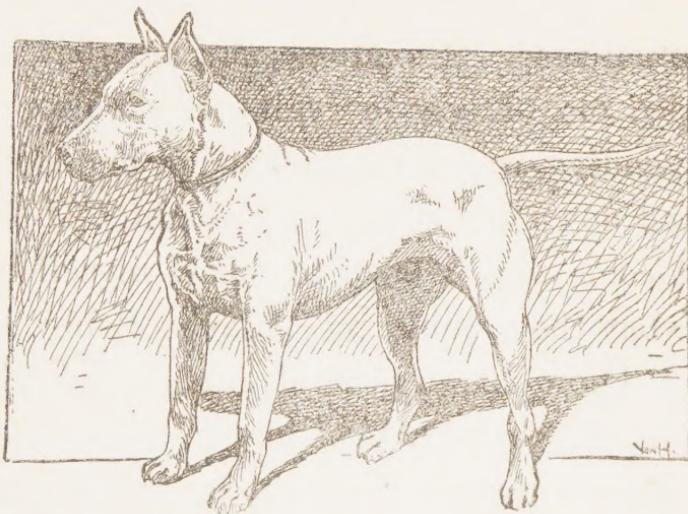
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MHS



Bull Terrier

## CHAPTER I

Bow wow! Bow wow! How do you do?  
My name is Spark. I am a Bull Terrier. That  
is my picture on the cover of this book.

Usually I am a happy dog. But I remem-  
ber one day when I was very unhappy. I was  
troubled because the children were late in  
coming home from school. It was long past

dismissal time. Mrs. Morse, their mother, was worried too. Every few minutes she dropped her mending, walked to the window and looked up and down the street. I thought, "If they don't come soon I'll go to school myself and see what the trouble is." Maybe Bobby boy didn't know his tables of nines, and Miss Chapin, the teacher, kept him in after school. If I were a teacher, I would let every single pupil go home the minute the bell rang or maybe a few seconds before. Yes, even if he didn't know his tables of nines. Poor Bobby worked so hard the night before over his 9 times 12 equals 108. I can't understand the sense of all those numbers, anyhow. It's a thousand times better to be able to do tricks, and to be a good watch dog and take care of the family, than to know all the tables put together.

I've often heard Mr. Morse say, and he

knows everything, "My children, when you get older you will be thankful for your education." I suppose education means what you go to school for. It must be something well worth while or the children wouldn't leave me for such a long time every morning and afternoon. Oh, it is so quiet and lonesome in the house without them. No fun at all!

Their mother misses them too. When little Jane was six years old and first started to school two big tears rolled down Mrs. Morse's cheek. I felt so sorry for her that I rubbed up against her dress and rested my head in her lap. She said, as she put her arms around my neck, "We haven't any babies any more, Spark. They are growing up. We'll miss the kiddies, won't we? I'm glad you, at least, won't have to leave me."

But I was telling you about the day when I was very unhappy. "Bow wow! Bow wow!"

I said. "Why don't those children come? They must know I'm waiting for them. I always do. Every afternoon they come and shake my paw even before they get their bread and jelly. There's the postman, and they've always been home before he brings the mail!"

Mother Morse waved her handkerchief. Ah! here they were at last. Bow wow wow! Goodness, how they rushed in. They were all excited. They could hardly talk. What were they saying? My! how Ruth clapped her hands and jumped up and down. I pricked up my ears and listened.

"Oh, Mother, please, please say yes," they all shouted at once.

"First tell me why you were so late from school, my dears. Spark and I were anxious about you, weren't we, my friend?" and the dear lady leaned down and patted my head with her soft white hand.

"Bow wow wow! Of course, we were. Was it '9x12' that kept you after school, Bobby?"

Then Robert spoke up. "Our principal, Mr. Bruce, told all the children to stay. Then he promised each of us a ticket and he wishes us to go, and it isn't going to cost anything and please, Mumsie, please say yes—say you'll take us."

"How can I say 'yes' before I know where it is you want to go?" asked their mother, laughing.

"But if we tell you, you might say 'no,'" answered Ruth.

"See if I can guess," said Mrs. Morse, with a twinkle in her pretty blue eyes.

"You never, never could do that," said little Jane, climbing into her mother's lap.

"Maybe I can. Listen! You want me to

take you—to the dog show. Now, am I right?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the youngsters; "you are the smartest mother in all the world."

"Will you take us? Will you, Mother?" begged Ruth.

"Please say 'yes,'" coaxed Jane.

"Of course, I will," answered Mrs. Morse. "There is nothing I would enjoy more than going with you to see our friends the dogs."

"Goody! goody!" cried the children, all together, dancing up and down.

"Oh, look at Spark," cried Robert. "He wants to go too. See how eager he is."

For at the words "Dog Show" I had wagged my tail, barked my loudest and danced around in a circle.

"I guess we'll have to take him along," said their mother. "He seems as anxious to go as you little people do."

"Couldn't Father go, too?" said Jane. "He loves dogs."

"Maybe he could," answered Mrs. Morse.

"Oh, I wish—I wish the time were already here," sighed Ruth.

"So do I," said Jane.

Robert, with his fat legs wide apart and his hands deep in his pockets, stood staring at me and thinking hard. I said to myself, "Poor chap, he is worrying about '9x12' again." But all of a sudden he turned around, his face lit up and he cried:

"Mother, I have a great idea! Spark is such a splendid fellow. Why can't we have him entered in the dog show? He may earn a blue ribbon or cup or something and then won't the old fellow be proud? He is a thoroughbred, you know."

"Bow-wow!" I said. You see Robert never forgets me, bless his little heart.

To be in a dog show! My dog heart went thump, thump, thump with the thought of it. How proud and happy I would be! I'd often heard of my pedigree and I knew that my father, grandfather and great-grandfather had sat on the bench, but I never expected that honor for myself.

"That is a good idea," said Mrs. Morse. "We'll see what Father thinks of it. Maybe he can arrange it. Spark surely deserves some reward for his care of us ever since he became one of our family."

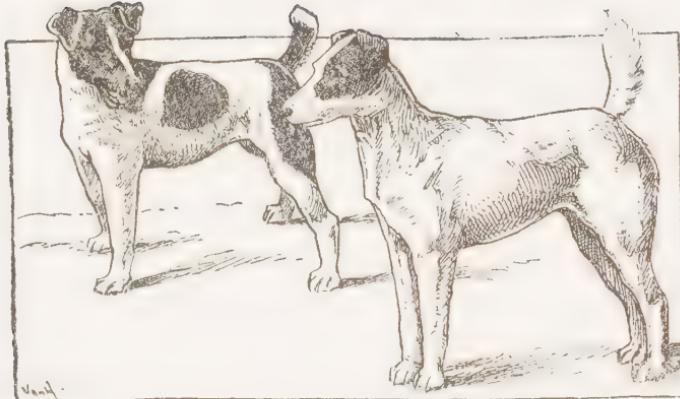
When Father Morse came home from business that evening, before he had his coat off, the children told him about their wish to enter me in the dog show. He agreed at once, patted me on the head and said:

"I'll see about it the first thing tomorrow, little doggie, and be sure you look your prettiest so as to do us credit."

I wagged my tail and barked and tried to show as best I could how much I appreciated all their love and goodness to me.

And so it happened that the next week I sat in the Annual Dog Show.





Fox Terriers

## CHAPTER II

Well, well, well! I was so excited over the dog show that I forgot to tell you all about myself. I'm sure you want to know how I came to be in this happy home with the dearest people in all the world. I couldn't tell you how much I love my family even if I

were able to talk as long and as fast as you little folks do. But you will not wonder that I am so fond of them when you have heard my story.

I was born in the home of Mr. Burns, and lived happily there with my mother, brothers and sisters until I was six months old. One dark night I stayed in the yard for an extra romp after my brothers and sisters, like good doggies, had followed my mother into the house. Then, a bad, ugly man saw me, grabbed me, hid me under his coat and carried me to a cold, damp cellar where he lived.

He didn't steal me because he wanted a friend. No, indeed! He knew that I came from a good dog family and he thought he could make money by selling me. His name was Jim Screw. I shiver now whenever I think of him. Horrid man! Just imagine how you would feel if you were taken away from

every one you loved. I cried night and day for my mother and little playmates.

My old master, Mr. Burns, advertised for me in the newspaper. When Jim Screw read the advertisement out loud to me, he said, with a mean laugh, "Ha, ha! Listen, you dog! Hear what this paper says about you." And as I rose to my feet and walked over to him he read:

"Lost, strayed or stolen:—a Bull Terrier, male, about 6 mos. old; white; small black eyes; weighing about 20 lbs. Liberal reward. Return to G. Burns, 765 East Ave."

On hearing my master's name I whined, and lifting myself high on my hind legs, begged Jim Screw to return me to my old home. But he growled, "Oh, no sir-ee! I'd like to get the reward, but I won't risk it. They might find out that I did the stealing myself. Then I'd be in a nice mess. No, I



John Hopper.

He was named Barry after the famous St. Bernard dog who lived  
years and years ago

can't do it. But I'm getting tired of you. You're no good to me. I can't sell you for anything at all." And he gave me a kick that sent me spinning to the other side of the room.

He should have known that if I had been bathed and brushed, if I had had enough to eat and fresh water to drink, I would have looked better, and then he would have had a much better chance to sell me.

At last, after living with Jim Screw for three hard weeks, I decided to run away as soon as I could. I watched and watched and then, one day, Jim went out and forgot to close the door after him. This was my chance! I waited until I was sure he was out of sight. I rushed out. Through street after street, into alleys, and up and down steps I ran, searching for my old home. Some cruel, thoughtless boys stoned and chased me until I thought I should drop. At last, tired, hurt, cold and

hungry, I crawled through the first open door I came to and found myself in a butcher shop.

The butcher, a fat, jolly man, said, as he saw me enter: "Hello, Bones! Have you come to stay? Come in, old fellow, and make yourself at home! You do look a sorry object."

Yes, that butcher was a good man, but he didn't understand much about dogs. He kept me indoors most of the time and threw me all the meat I could eat. I wasn't wise enough to know that too much food is bad for a house dog who gets little exercise, and I ate everything he gave me. He never bathed me and many times forgot to give me fresh water to drink, so I often felt sick. A man who knew about dogs would have noticed that my nose wasn't cool and moist like a healthy dog's nose always is. And when a dog isn't well he can't be happy, can he?

It was when I had been with my butcher

for about six weeks that one Saturday morning Mrs. Morse and Robert came in to do some marketing.

The moment I looked up into Robert's frank face I felt good all over. I ran up to him and he patted my head. Then I sprang into his arms, threw my paws around his neck and almost knocked him over in my joy at finding a friend. You know it doesn't take a dog long to find out who his friends are.

Robert laughed out loud and said: "How do you do, sir? I don't remember meeting you before, but you surely act as if you were an old chum of mine."

I licked his hands and face and tried to say, "Don't you want me for a friend and playmate?"

He must have understood me because, after thinking a moment, he went up to his mother. He put his little arms around her neck, and

I could tell by the look in his big brown eyes that he was pleading for me with all his heart.

"If Father is willing, I am," his mother answered, after carefully looking me over.

Father was willing, and that very evening the whole family came to see me—Mr. Morse, Mrs. Morse, Robert Morse, Ruth Morse and Jane Morse.

After talking with the butcher a little while, Mr. Morse gave him some money, and then took me home with them. Although I was eager to go, when the time came to say "Goodbye," I was sorry to leave my butcher. When I go to market with Mrs. Morse, I always try to tell him that I will never forget his kindness to me.

The Morses named me Spark because Robert said my eyes are so bright they shine like sparks of fire.

I often think of my mother, sisters and

brothers, of Mr. Burns and the kind butcher. Sometimes I even wonder what has become of poor Jim Screw.

But I know there isn't another dog in dogdom who owns as good a family as I do. I like to think I own them, although they say they own me!









Boston Terrier

### CHAPTER III

Now that you little folks know all about me, you must feel as if I am an old friend of yours. Of course, I wouldn't think of telling my history to everyone, but I'm quite sure you little boys and girls are interested in hearing about me and my doings.

And now to describe that wonderful dog

show! I'll never forget one moment of it, even if I live to be twenty years old, and that is old for us. A dog's life is short; he is already full grown at two years. Just think what a baby you were at that age!

On the morning of the day I was to be entered in the dog show, Robert rubbed me and scrubbed me with some nice smelling soap until I thought his little arm would come off. Then he dried me with a coarse, rough towel. He brushed my hair until it shone. He polished my brass studded collar until I could see my face in the name plate. And a mighty clean face it was! Next he tied a pretty pink ribbon bow on my collar. Then, giving me a loving slap, he said:

“You certainly look like a dude, now, Spark.”

“Bow wow, I feel like one, too,” I answered, as I climbed up on his lap.

Mr. Morse, Robert and I went to the dog show. As I entered the building I saw other dogs coming to the exhibition. Some walked, as I did; some were carried in the arms of their owners as carefully as if they were tiny babies; some came in queer little cases made on purpose for little dogs to travel in; some were brought in crates from other cities; some were brought in carriages, while a few stylish fellows were driven up in automobiles.

Whoop! What a racket we heard as we entered the building. Such a yelling and yelping and barking! Whoop! whoop! whoop! The old nursery rhyme came into my head, "Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark!" It sounded as if there were a million dogs, but there weren't nearly that many, for I heard the man who sold catalogues at the door say, "We have 986 entries. Pretty good, eh?"

There were dogs of every kind and every

size. There were big dogs, middle sized dogs and little dogs, fat dogs and thin dogs, shaggy dogs and smooth dogs, grave dogs and frisky dogs, papa dogs, mamma dogs, sister dogs and brother dogs. Oh, but it was a great sight!

There were Setters, Pointers, Greyhounds, Bloodhounds, Dachshunds, Beagles, Spaniels, Fox Terriers, Bull Terriers, Irish Terriers, Airdale Terriers, Collies, Great Danes, English Sheep Dogs, St. Bernards, Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Dalmatians, Poodle Dogs, Mexican hairless dogs, and maybe some others that I didn't see because it was such a great big place that I couldn't see everything. The hall was draped with flags of different countries and with bunting, but our own dear red, white and blue looked the best of all to me. Now, what do you think of that for a dog show?

As soon as we dogs were brought in and our numbers given us, men chained us in our

places. Of course, they had to do that, if we were allowed to run around as we pleased there would be a fine mix-up. I didn't mind, though, because I knew it would be for only a short time. But I couldn't help thinking of the many miserable, unhappy dogs whose cruel masters keep them chained all the time, even at their homes. Is it any wonder that those dogs become mean and snappish, and snarl and bite whenever they get a chance? How would their masters like to be chained like that? Dogs have feelings just as much as people—every bit as much—only we can't talk and tell how we feel about things. If we could, how surprised some folks would be at the things we would say!

There were rows and rows of benches, some like low tables with a railing around, and wire screens between them, for the larger dogs, and some were like boxes, for the smaller dogs.

Each dog's number was printed on a card and hung at his place. My number was "Seventy-seven." I liked that number the second I heard it.

I was as happy as any dog could be until Mr. Morse and Robert came to say goodbye to me. You see, this dog show was to last three days and we dogs were not allowed to leave until the exhibition was over. It was the first time since I had come to the Morses' that I was to stay away all night, and you can imagine how lonesome I felt at the thought of it.

Robert knelt down and, putting his arms around me, whispered: "Never mind, old fellow, you'll soon be home again. It is as hard for me to leave you as it is for you to stay. But just think of the blue ribbon you are going to win!" Then, when he saw how hard I was trying to look cheerful for his

sake, he exclaimed: "You are a brave old boy, Spark, a regular soldier, and I love you!"

"Who wouldn't be a brave soldier," I replied, "with Robert Morse for a captain!"

Then Mr. Morse came up and shook hands with me, and, patting me on the head, he said:

"I never allow my children to sleep away from home at night, but I expect I'll have to make an exception this time, Spark. But don't ever ask me again."

After they had left, I chatted with my dog neighbors. I wish I had time to tell you some of the interesting tales they told me. Maybe, some day, I will.

And that night I went to sleep with a happy heart, in spite of missing my dear children, and I dreamt that I won so many blue ribbons that two big automobile trucks were needed to carry them all home!



Mastiff Puppies

## CHAPTER IV

Oh, the jam and crowd of men, women and children who came to see the dog show the next day! Among the earliest to arrive were the Morse family.

Some of the visitors said such funny things. I nearly choked with laughing. One chubby, spoilt little fellow pointed his fat finger right at me and cried:

“Ma, buy me that dog.”

“No, son,” said his mother, “that dog isn’t for sale.”

“But I want that dog, Ma. Why isn’t it for sale?”

“I suppose his owner loves him too much to sell him,” answered the lady.

“But I would love him, too, Ma. Can’t I have him?” begged the child.

“No, my boy,” replied his mother, trying to lead him away from my bench.

“Ma,” pleaded the boy, “I have twenty cents in my bank. Can’t I buy him for that?”

“Ha! ha!” I roared. “Twenty cents! Ha! ha! The Morses wouldn’t sell me for twenty times twenty dollars. I should say not!”

I don’t know what else the youngster said, because just then a beautiful golden-haired girl and her brother came up, and I heard her exclaim:

"There's one thing I don't understand, and that is how the judges decide about the prizes. All dogs of one breed look alike to me. A bull terrier is a bull terrier, and a setter is a setter, that's all."

Her young brother laughed and answered in a wise tone: "How foolish, Sis; there is all the difference in the world between dogs of the same breed—just as much as between people—and the judges decide according to the different points of the dogs."

"What are points?" asked the girl.

"Well," her brother explained, "the dog must be the right length, height and color. His chest must be just so broad and his tail so long. His feet, legs, ears, nose, markings, temper and manners, in fact everything about him, is considered by the judges, who make a business of understanding these things. See?"

"Yes, I see," sighed the beautiful girl.

"But if I were to buy a dog all that I would care about would be that he should have a good bright face and loving' eyes, just like this little fellow here." Then the girl with the golden hair bent down and patted my back with her pretty little hand.

"Ha ha!" laughed her brother. "It is a good thing you are not one of the judges. You certainly wouldn't keep your position very long."

I was getting impatient and beginning to wonder when it would be my turn to go to the judges' stand, when I heard "Number 77" called. How my heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat and bumpety-bump-bump! Mr. Morse came and unfastened my chain and, as he led me to the ring where the other dogs of my class were gathered, he said:

"Now, Spark, let us see what you are going to do for the honor of your family."

I jumped up, licked his hand and answered: "Just watch me! Ah! how I would love to win a ribbon if it would make you all happy, you who do so much for me."

We dogs walked around and around the circle before the judges. I marched in my proudest manner. The judges, with long slips of paper in their hands, stared and stared at us until I couldn't help saying, "I hope you will know us the next time you see us. Bow wow! Bow wow!"

Some of the owners who were leading their dogs snapped their fingers at them, and others gave theirs scraps of meat to make them jump up and look bright and wide-awake, but Mr. Morse knew that I would do my best without any such coaxing.

At last one of the judges picked me up, pulled my ears and felt me all over. Then, after keeping me in his hands a few minutes,

he said in a low voice to one of the other judges: "Good one, first class. What do you think?" and in a few minutes Mr. Morse was leading me out of the ring with a blue ribbon fastened to my collar.

I was so proud and happy that I couldn't have said a word, even if I had known how. Mrs. Morse and the children were waiting at the opening of the ring as I came out. They hugged me, kissed me and danced around me until Mr. Morse laughingly said: "You children make more noise than all the dogs put together." Then he turned to me and added: "But I don't blame them much, Spark, because I'm pretty proud of you myself."

Dear Mrs. Morse twined her arms around my neck, saying: "Of course I'm delighted to have a prize winner in our family, but, even if Spark hadn't won this ribbon we would still know that he is our prize friend."

"Bow wow! Bow wow!" I answered. But it is no credit to me. Where would I be now if it wasn't for the Morses?

The morning after the dog show closed, right after breakfast, all the neighbors' children came running in to congratulate me. They looked at me as if it were the first time they had ever seen me. Of course, I was just the same bull terrior I was before I entered the dog show, only a little happier because I had been able to give happiness to those I love more than myself; but somehow I didn't seem the same to the children.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that as we were marching around in the ring before the judges, there was a frightful noise that sounded like a Fourth of July cannon cracker. I was almost scared to death at first! But when Mr. Morse said: "Be calm, Spark. That's nothing!"

They're only taking a flashlight picture of the show," I quieted down.

I'm sorry to say that a little bull terrier in front of me was so scared that he crawled into a corner, and all his mistress' coaxing and petting couldn't get him out again! And he had had a good chance for a prize. Wasn't that too bad?

"Well, well, look here!" exclaimed Mr. Morse as he opened his paper the next morning at the breakfast table. We crowded around his chair and there was the flashlight picture of the dog show. How the kiddies screamed and yelled when they saw it! They knew me right away. Bow bow! Bow wow! I'll never forget that dog show. Bow wow! Bow wow!



Eskimo Puppies

## CHAPTER V

One afternoon, about six weeks after the dog show, Ruth and I were at home all alone. Mrs. Morse, Robert and Janie had gone down to do some Christmas shopping.

It was a cold winter day. The soft snow was piling high, and the boys outside were making a snow man. Ruth and I were having

a nice cozy time together in front of the grate fire. She sat in her red rocking chair weaving a raffia basket for her mother's Christmas present. I was stretched at her feet.

"Spark," said Ruth, "I wonder if I'll have this basket finished in time. You see, I can only work on it when mother is not around because it is to be a surprise. Then, besides, I have father's muffler, Robert's marble bag and Janie's doll's tam-o'-shanter to finish. Mother says it means a whole lot more to make presents than just to go to the store and buy them. And she is right. I would have loads of time, too, for everything if it weren't for your party, Spark."

"My party?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" cried Ruth. "Now I've let the cat out of the bag. I didn't mean to tell you a single, solitary word about it, but it just popped out of my mouth like a

jack out of a box. Oh dearie me! But now that you know the secret, we might as well talk about it."

"What about my party, Ruthie?" I asked, pricking up my ears and rising.

"Dear doggie, you are going to have a party for your Christmas present this year. We didn't know what to give you. We knew you wouldn't care for a doll, or toys, or a marble bag, or skates, or candy, or any of the things which children like. Would you?"

"Well, I should say not," I laughed.

"And you have dog coats, dog blankets with initials, dog collars, dog sweaters and dozens of pretty bows and everything for which a dog's heart could wish. So we decided to give you a party. Now, what do you think of that, old man?"

"Woof, woof," I barked. That was meant for "Thank you," because I didn't want her to



The setter is a hunter's dog and his work is to hunt game

think me ungrateful. Then I went and laid down again by the fire.

"Why, Spark Morse! Whatever is the matter with you?" asked Ruth. "You don't seem a bit glad about the secret I just told you, and I thought you would turn a double somersault for joy."

"I was sorry to disappoint Ruth, but how under the sun could she ever expect me to be glad at hearing anything about a party? Why, on party days every one is so busy getting ready that even the children haven't time for romps and plays. And party time is the only time that I'm not allowed in the parlor. I used to be at all the parties until one evening — I will tell you about it.

It was Mr. Morse's birthday, and the grandmas and grandpas, all the uncles and aunts and cousins and some of the good friends

came to congratulate him and wish him a happy birthday.

I had had an extra juicy bone for my supper that night, so I was a little late in entering the parlor. But the minute I got into the room I felt that there was some friend of mine there that I had not seen in a long time. I paused an instant, and then I knew. It was Miss Joy, my market lady friend.

You see, when I lived at the butcher shop, she used to do all her marketing there. Every morning as she entered the store I trotted up to meet her and she patted my head and spoke some kind words to me, such as, "How do you do?" or "Good morning, sir," or "How are you?" or something like that. I used to watch and wait for her every day. And here she was after all this time in my own parlor. No dog could forget such a good, kind lady, although,

perhaps, she couldn't be expected to remember me.

How happy I was to see her again. "Bow-wow!" I gave one short, joyful bark. She didn't hear me. She was so busy listening to Robert talk about his new rabbit, that he is forever talking about. "Bow-wow!" I gave another sharp bark and then, before I knew what I was doing, I bounded across the room, jumped on her lap, put my paws on her shoulders and licked her face.

Oh, how frightened she was! I can't blame her. I suppose any one would have been. But that wasn't the worst of it. My nails caught in her dress and zipp-zipp-zipp went the lace. (You know dogs have long nails—they are not as sharp as cats' nails but longer.) I don't see why ladies wear all that silly stuff, anyway, I'm mighty glad that dogs don't. Miss Joy

would look beautiful, even in a calico dress without any trimming!

Robert grabbed me and lifted me down from Miss Joy's lap. The Morses told her how surprised and sorry they all were that their dog had such bad manners.

"Please don't worry about it," she said, with a merry laugh. "I can easily mend the lace, and I feel sort of proud that your dear dog should be so fond of me."

"Spark was bold," said Robert, "but I don't blame him for wanting to hug Miss Joy, because I often feel that way myself. And when I get to be a man I'm going to marry her."

Then everyone laughed, and Miss Joy answered, "All right, Bobby Boy, I'll wait for you to grow up."

But I didn't laugh. No, sir-ee. For Mr.

Morse led me out of the room, saying in a stern voice, "I'm ashamed of you, Spark. I never saw you act like that before. I thought you, of all dogs, knew how to behave in company. That settles your coming to any more of our parties."

Oh, how I tried to explain to Mr. Morse that Miss Joy was an old friend of mine, and I was so happy to see her that I forgot everything else. But I couldn't make him understand. It is hard on us dogs sometimes. Of course, I knew that I had done wrong. I never should have rushed at the dear lady in that wild manner and frightened her so, to say nothing of tearing her dress. So with drooping ears and tail, I crawled into a dark corner of the nursery and hid my head in shame.

If you little folks have ever been punished for doing anything wrong, you will know how

I felt. But I suppose you are always good, aren't you?

At last the party was over. Miss Joy and all the rest of the company had gone home. The lights in the parlor were turned out. Then the Morses came to look for me. When they saw how sorry I felt for my actions they forgave me at once.

"I just know that Spark had some reason for acting that way," said Ruthie, as she gave me a good night kiss, "and if only he could talk he would tell us."

"Bow wow, bow wow," I answered, "You're right, Ruth. You are a dear. You understand."

But, although they forgave me, they didn't forget, for after that I was never allowed in the parlor during party time.

"You see, Spark," Mrs. Morse explained, "everyone isn't so fortunate as to understand

dogs as well as we do. Some people are afraid of them, and we don't want to frighten any of our friends when they come to see us."

Now, after all that, how could Ruth expect me to be glad at hearing that word "party!"

"Oh, Sparkie dog," exclaimed Ruth, "this is going to be a different kind of party, a sort of a new kind of party. This is to be your, very, very own party. A dogs' party! Now what do you say to that?"

"I don't understand," I answered, walking towards her, placing my head in her lap and looking up into her big blue eyes. "Please tell me what you mean?"

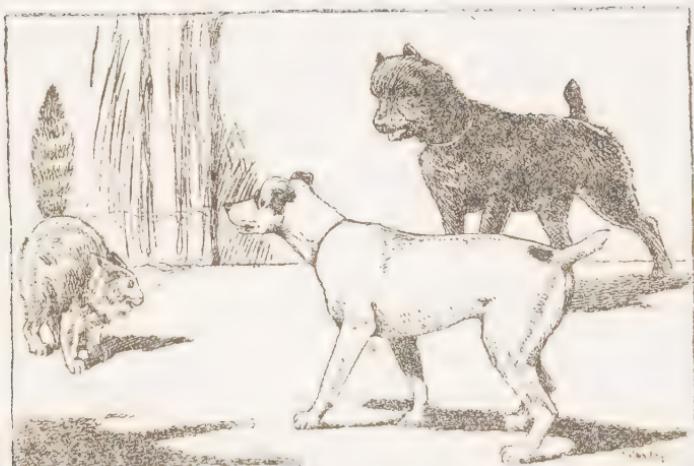
"Well," said Ruth, stroking my back, "this is to be a really truly dogs' party. That is, we are going to invite all our little friends who have dogs to bring them to your party. We are going to give it during the Christmas holidays, and this is the invitation we are going

to send out." Ruth took a piece of paper out of the pocket of her sailor blouse.

"Spark Morse and the Morse children," she read, "would be pleased to have you and your dog come to Spark's party on Saturday, December Twenty-eighth, at two o'clock."

"Now, sir," Ruthie asked, "how do you like that kind of a party? Are you glad now, old man?"

Glad? Glad? Well, I should say so! Bow wow, bow wow! I never heard anything like it in my life. A dogs' party! What jolly fun. I danced around and around, wagged my tail and jumped so high that Ruthie, screaming with laughter, said: "If you are not careful you'll bump your head against the ceiling, Spark."



Fox Terrier and Irish Terrier

## CHAPTER VI

Mrs. Morse bought the cutest note paper for the invitations to my party. At the top of each sheet was my picture. Robert had taken it with his kodak last summer and his mother had it pasted on the writing paper. Wasn't that a clever idea?

Robert wrote all the invitations, and when he finished he said: "This is my very best, Sunday-go-to-meeting writing, and I'm sure if Miss Chapin could see it, she would give me 'Excellent' in writing on my report card this month."

The children folded the notes and put them in little envelopes. Then they dropped them in a yellow leather bag and tied the bag to my collar. Robert put a postman's cap on my head.

"Come on, Spark," he commanded, "if this is your party, you must help, too. You are to be the postman and deliver the invitations."

Whoop-ee! Didn't I feel big! I had often played soldier with the boys, carried a gun and drilled "Forward march! Right about face! Wheel! Charge! Halt!" but that wasn't anything like acting as a real United States mail carrier.

Ruth carried a list of the names in her hand, and we went from house to house leaving the invitations. You should have seen those children as they read their notes. Oh, how they screamed with delight! Not one of them had ever heard of a dogs' party before. But then, that's not strange, because I never did myself, and I'm a dog! They all said right away that they would come, and were so excited they forgot to add "If mamma will let me."

Janie's best chum was Betty Boyd. She was a dear little girl with bright red hair bobbed around her neck and the sauciest little nose. Now, we couldn't possibly ask Betty Boyd to our party because she had no dog. But, as Janie and I were skipping past her house that afternoon, Betty knocked at the window for us to wait.

"Janie Morse," she exclaimed as she came

running out, "this is the first time you ever, ever gave a party and didn't invite your best chum."

"I'm dreadfully sorry, dearie," answered Janie, putting her arm around Betty Boyd's neck, "but you know why, don't you?"

"Yes, I know why," sighed the little girl.

"You're not angry, are you, Betty?"

"No, how can I be angry when you are only inviting children who have dogs? But I'm just dying to come, anyway."

"I know it," answered Janie, puckering her brow. "But Mother said it wouldn't be right to ask you, as we are not inviting even our own cousins because they have no dogs. This is Spark's party, not ours. But really, Betty, every child ought to have a dog. I don't know what we would do without our Sparkie here," and Janie gave me a loving pat on the head.

After walking along a few minutes, deep in thought, Betty cried: "Oh! oh! oh! Couldn't I bring Mimi? She is a pure white Angora, and the sweetest, dearest kitten in all the world.

"You goosie loosie," laughed Jane, "what kind of a time do you think Mimi would have at a dog's party? One kitten with a lot of dogs! I'm afraid she would never care to come to another as long as she lived. Because Spark and Mimi are good friends it is no sign that strange dogs wouldn't spit and snarl and fight with her. You must remember that Spark is an extraordinary dog. There are not many like him."

At these kind words I rubbed up against Janie, placed my nose in her hand and said, "Bow wow! And all little girls aren't like you."

Dogs love praise. They are very much

like children, and you know how good you youngsters feel all over when some one you love says something nice about you.

"Maybe you're right," sighed Betty Boyd. "I suppose Mimi wouldn't have much fun at Spark's party."

"Oh, Janie," Betty suddenly exclaimed, "let me bring my toy dog. Uncle Bill gave him to me for my birthday. He is brand new and he walks when you wind him up and he is much bigger than the Pomeranian puppies I saw at the dog show. May I bring him? Will he do?"

"No, Betty dear," said Janie, shaking her head decidedly. "I'm sorry, but no one can come to Spark's party without a live dog."

"Then I'll have to get a live dog, that's all. Come on home with me while I ask Mother about it, will you?"

We turned right about face and ran all the way back to Betty's house as fast as our legs could carry us.

Betty's mother was in the kitchen getting all kinds of goodies ready for the Christmas plum pudding.

"Mother, Mother," Betty cried as she rushed into the kitchen with us after her, "Mother, dear Mother, please buy me a dog!"

"A what, child?" asked Mrs. Boyd, so surprised she nearly dropped her bowl.

"A dog, Mother. D-o-g-, dog, any kind of dog. Just so it's a live dog."

"But, sweetheart, why are you so eager all of a sudden for a dog? I don't understand."

"Well, Spark Morse is going to have a party and nobody, not even I, Janie's best chum, can come without a dog. And the Morses say every one ought to have a dog. They couldn't get along without Spark—he

is one of the family. I haven't any little brother or sister to love or play with, and I do so want a dog." And Betty stopped talking only because she didn't have any breath left.

"Father and I had planned giving you a large doll house, with electric lights and dear little furniture, for your Christmas present," Betty's mother said, "but if you have set your heart on a dog, little girl, I see no reason why you shouldn't have one, for maybe the Morses are right when they say every child should have a dog for a friend and playmate."

"Oh Mother, dear darling Mother! Goody! Goody! Goody! I'm so happy," cried Betty Boyd, hugging her mother and Janie and me all at the same time and then dancing around the room singing, "I'm going to have a dog. I'm going to have a dog," while Janie

and I also, jumped up and down in delight.

That evening, while we were at the dinner table, just as Jamie finished telling the family about our visit to Betty Boyd's, the telephone bell rang. Robert answered it.

"That was Burton Brown," he said, when he came back to the dining room. "He wanted to know if he can come to Spark's party if he brings his sister's sister-in-law's brindle bull dog. He is full bred and she paid \$125 for him. I told him I was sorry, but no child could come without his own dog. Then he answered as quick as lightning, 'Well, I'll get a dog for the twenty-eighth, then.'"

"Where will you get one?" I asked him.

"I don't know where," he answered, "because I haven't any money to buy one, but I'll manage to get one somehow, all right, all right."

"I don't see how children can get along without a dog," stated Ruth.

"I don't, either," agreed Janie.

"Bow wow wow!" I barked. "I surely don't"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Morse heartily, as he pushed his chair back from the table. "So the children are getting dogs for Spack's party. I've often heard of people buying new clothes for parties, but dogs--never! It's a mighty fine thing for the dogs, however, because I know they will have happy homes with your little friends. Although we started this party just for fun, it is going to do some real good after all."

"Bow wow! Bow wow!" I barked happily, as I climbed onto his lap.



Cocker Spaniel Puppies

## CHAPTER VII

The party was to be given in a large room in the barn. Mrs. Morse had bought a whole lot of flags, bunting and Japanese lanterns, and even large dog pictures with which to decorate the room.

On the day before the party, while Robert, Ruth, Janie and I were busy getting the room ready, in rushed Burton Brown with a poor, thin, pitiful tramp of a dog at his heels.

He seemed the kind of a dog that the boys

call a cur, and Father Morse speaks of as a mongrel, but later he told me he was a setter. The poor thing had part of one ear bitten off, and he limped as he walked.

"Hello there, Burt," cried Robert, dropping his hammer with a bang as he saw Burton and his dog. "Well, you did get a dog after all, didn't you? Good for you. Where under the sun did you get him, though? He looks sort of—of—nobody's pet!"

"I'll tell you all about it," Burton said as he jumped up on a barrel and crossed his legs. "I've always ached to have a dog, and whenever I asked mother and father to buy me one they would say, 'Some day, my boy, some day.' But 'some day' never came. You and Spark have such good times together. Gee! I've wished and wished and wished for a dog!"

"Spark and I do have good times, don't we, old chap?" asked Robert as he gave my tail a playful pull.

"Bow wow," I answered. "No boy and dog could have better times than we do."

"When I heard of Spark's party, Um-m-m! how I wanted to be invited," Burton Brown went on. "So I said to myself, 'Burton, if you don't get a dog now, right away quick, you never will. This is your time.' I didn't know where or how, but before I went to bed that night I decided that I would come to Spark's party with a dog of my own."

As Burton was talking, his new dog sat at his feet looking into his eyes as if to say, "I'm so glad I'm the one, because I wanted a boy of my own, and you just suit me."

"The day after Spark delivered the invitation," Burton went on, "I missed every single lesson in school. How could I put

my mind on long division and remember my quotation marks when dogs were chasing themselves around the pages of my book all the time?"

"Miss Chapin said to me, 'Burton, what is the matter with you? Usually you are one of my best workers, and today your mind seems a thousand miles away.'"

"I was sorry and wanted to tell her what the trouble was. She would understand my longing for a dog because she is so fond of them herself. I didn't have a chance, so made up my mind that I would do all I could to make up my work as soon as I found my dog."

"I remember hearing Miss Chapin say that," said Robert, "and I wondered what was the matter with you. And now I know that you, Spark, were the cause of it all. I'm ashamed of you, sir."

"He! he!" I answered, winking at him.  
"You don't look very much ashamed of me,  
Bobby."

"My! how glad I was when the bell rang  
for dismissal," said Burton. "I passed out  
with the ranks; then I flew home as fast as  
if I were running on the school track team.  
Mother says I must always come straight  
home from school before going out to play."

"My mother says that, too," put in Janie.

"Mother wasn't home that afternoon,"  
Burton went on, "but she had left a piece  
of jelly-bread and a nice rosy apple for me  
on the kitchen table. I grabbed these and  
rushed out again. 'Shorty,' 'Fat,' 'Red,'  
'Chick,' Johnny and some other boys gave  
our call, 'Il-y-al-e-i-oo,' and shouted, 'Come  
along, Burton, we're going skating. The ice  
is great today.' But I answered, 'I haven't  
time.'"

"I was one of those boys," said Robert.

"Bow wow, and I was too," I barked.

"Up and down the streets I tramped, looking, looking for a stray dog. For blocks and blocks I went, but I couldn't find a homeless one. Each one I came across had a license and belonged to some lucky person."

"It was beginning to grow dark. My fingers and toes were almost frozen. I was just saying to myself, 'Mother will be worried if I stay out a minute longer, I'll have to go home now, but I'll look again tomorrow,' when I felt something tug at my coat. Turning around I saw this poor starved little waif. He was the saddest looking thing, all covered with dirt from his nose to the tip of his tail. As I bent down to pat him, he jumped up on me, gave a weak bark, while his big eyes seemed to say, 'I need a friend and a home. Please take me with you.'"

"That is just exactly the way Spark acted when I first saw him," said Robert.

"Well I should think I would take you home with me," I said as I saw he had no license tag. "You are just the very dog I'm looking for. It seems as if you were sent to me and I was sent to you and we were sent to each other." And right out there in the middle of the sidewalk I gave him a regular bear hug, and ran home lickety split with this little scamp after me."

"All the way I kept saying to myself, 'Oh, if mother and father will only let me keep him. If mother and father will only let me keep him.'"

"And they did, didn't they?" cried the children, who had been listening to Burton's story with open mouths.

"Of course they did," laughed Burton, "because here he is."

"What did your mother say when she saw him?" asked Ruth, while I went up to the dog and rubbed noses with him to show how happy I was to hear of his good fortune.

"Mother said, 'Well, Burton Brown, what have you there? Don't you dare let that dirty dog step on my clean rugs?' But when I told her what a dear fellow he was going to be and all about how I had searched for him and found him, she kissed me and said, 'Beautiful, fine dogs always do find homes and friends, so if you really feel as if you needed a dog, I think you might as well have one that needs you.'"

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" I barked, for I knew that she was right.

"And your father, what did he say?" asked Janie.

"He was just as glad as I was. We gave the doggie a good supper, and you should

have seen him gobble! He showed no table manners at all. After that, he had a real, good, old fashioned scrubbing in the laundry tub. I guess it must have been the first bath he had had in many a day. We made a nice soft bed for him out of some old blankets and mother said I could let him sleep at the foot of my bed.

“Oh, how he licked my face and hands and rubbed against me before he went to sleep. He tried so hard in his doggish way to show that he was grateful that I said, ‘Never mind, Glad, I don’t know which is the happier, you to be here or I to have you.’”

“Glad?” asked Janie. “Did you name him Glad because he looked so sad?”

“No, but while we were getting him all cleaned up, I kept repeating, ‘I’m so glad,

I'm so glad,' so father said, 'How would it be to call your new friend Glad?' And we did."

"Woof," said I, "he is never going to be sad any more," and I chased him around the room to liven him up a bit.

"I'm going to read up a whole lot about dogs," said Burton, "so I will know how to care for this one, because all dogs are not alike and must not be treated in the same way. Some dogs love to bathe and others don't like the water a little bit. Mother says if a boy has a dog, he ought to know what is good for him and what isn't and what he likes and what he doesn't. Well, so long," went on Burton, jumping off the barrel, "I must hurry on now. Father and I are going down town to get a dog license and a dog collar for Glad."

"The license will cost you two dollars a year," said Robert.

"I know," answered Burton, "but father says that Glad is worth every cent of that. We wouldn't give him up now, even if we had to go without something else to pay for the license. So you see Glad and I are going to be all ready for Spark's party. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Goodbye, Burton, goodbye," cried the children.

And Burton ran out of the room with Glad at his heels as if he never expected to leave him again.







English Pug

## CHAPTER VIII

At last the day of the party came. I woke up at six o'clock, ever so much earlier than usual.

The sun was shining brightly, as if it were glad that we dogs had such good, kind friends, who did so much to make us happy. I trotted to Robert's bed, and finding the little curly

head tight asleep, licked his face to wake him up. He gave a great yawn, and, rubbing his eyes with his fat fists, mumbled:

"What time is it? Am I late for school?"

"Bow wow! Bow wow!" I barked. "There is no school today. This is holiday time and my party day. Get up, sleepy head!"

"Sure enough," he laughed, jumping out of bed and pulling on his stockings. "How could I, even in my sleep, have forgotten your party, old chap? I suppose you have been dreaming about it all night."

"Bow wow," I answered, "maybe I have."

"I've heard that dogs are the only animals that dream. I would like to hear some dog's dreams," added Robert. "I expect that they are all about big, juicy bones, jolly romps, fighting cats, and playfellows. Or, you being a bull terrier, you may also dream of digging in the ground and chasing rats. I know all

terriers love to dig the earth. How about it? Speak!"

But I frisked about him as he washed himself.

"I haven't time to talk about dreams and such things on such an important day, Bobbie Boy," I said, "and I wish you would hurry and get ready for my party."

You see, bull terriers are quick-acting fellows, and don't like to waste any time when there is something to be done.

Well, after breakfast we ran on some errands. We went to the butcher shop, the grocery store and to the bakery for Mrs. Morse, and then, when we came home, I had my bath. Such a scrubbing! It reminded me of the one Robert gave me the time I sat in the dog show. But I didn't mind. I like to be bathed. Although I know a little boy who cries every time his mamma washes his neck

and ears—no, I don't mean you. It wasn't you, was it? I'm thinking of another little boy.

Robert tied a red ribbon and the sweetest sounding little bell on my collar. I felt all dressed up. Just the way you little boys and girls do when you go to parties.

Mrs. Morse, Robert, Ruth, Janie, Polly the cook, and I all went out to the barn to take a last look before the company came so as to be sure everything was right. You should have seen how pretty that room looked!

"Mercy me," said Polly, "won't those dogs be surprised when they see this place. Many people would be proud if they could come to such a party, to say nothing of dogs."

"But, Polly," I answered, "dogs like pretty things just as much as people do."

Mrs. Morse and Polly had the refreshments all ready on tin pans, one for each dog. There was some finely cut meat with gravy over it,



This dog was a great, wonderful St. Bernard

some potato and a piece of dog biscuit. Um-m-m! it was good! We were to have a piece of cake and a piece of candy for dessert. And there were separate water tins ready for each dog. Now, what do you think of that for a dogs' feast?

The children were to have ice cream and cake and candy, and there were long paper snappers that made a loud noise when they were opened, and had funny paper caps inside them. Some children think that the eating is the party part of the party. Maybe some dogs do, too.

Our invitations said that the party was to begin at two o'clock, but at half past one there was a loud "ting-a-ling-a-ling."

At Mrs. Morse's parties she is always standing near the door ready to welcome the company, and she greets them with, "How are you? I'm glad to see you. Come right

in." So, this being my party, I barked sharply and ran to get there first, the children following at my heels. Although dogs can rap and scratch on closed doors, they can't open them, so Janie opened the door for me.

And there stood Betty Boyd with—what do you suppose she had with her? A dog? Yes. A fat pug dog!

Her little red curls were flying, and her eyes were dancing and she exclaimed, all out of breath, "Mother said I would be dreadfully early, but I couldn't wait another second I was so eager for you to see my Humpty Dumpty."

"Oh, Betty," cried Janie in delight, "you dear honey bunch. You got your dog, didn't you? I'm so happy!" and the two little girls swung each other around until I was dizzy from watching them. But at last they stopped.

"We call him Humpty Dumpty," Betty

said, bending down and squeezing her dog, "because he is so funny and fat. Isn't he grand? Isn't he dear? Isn't he beautiful?"

"Ha! ha!" I couldn't help laughing. "To call that pug dog beautiful! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I never!"

He had a black turned up nose, and his head and neck and back were all full of heavy wrinkles, and his tail was curled so tightly that it looked like a corkscrew. Now, a bull terrier's tail is perfectly straight.

Perhaps Betty Boyd thought he was beautiful because she loved him so much. People often think those they love are good looking, even if they are as homely as—well, as Humpty Dumpty. Although, I suppose he must have been a lovable fellow if Betty Boyd had grown so fond of him in such a short time.

I must say he was a clean looking dog. Pugs are known to be the cleanest of dogs.

Humpty Dumpty's coat was smooth and glossy. He had large, dark watchful eyes; still, I couldn't call him beautiful—no, sir-ee!

"I read a story about a pug dog in my school reader the other day," remarked Ruth, "and it said that pug dogs are the best kind of dogs for little children because they are so good tempered, timid and gentle. They never get angry, no matter how much naughty children tease them, and pull their tails. They love to be hugged and kissed."

"Wow! We bull terriers are not timid," I put in. "I should say not. No, indeed. Wow! wow!"

"Oh, I read the same story," exclaimed Janie. "I remember it told how kings and queens and lords and ladies have pug dogs for pets, because they are so kind and loving."

"Bull terriers are good companions for ladies and children too, if they are brought

up right," I interrupted. "But they won't stand being teased or mistreated."

"Pug dogs never go mad or become ill tempered, and they are sometimes called 'Babies delight,'" added Ruth.

"I know Humpty Dumpty is going to be my delight," said Betty Boyd, giving him another tight hug. "Oh, you ought to hear him snore. Last night he snored so loud that father had to put Humpty Dumpty's bed in the spare room."

"Pugs are pretty good watch dogs, too," said Robert. "Although, of course, not nearly as good as bull terriers."

"Betty, you never told us where you got Humpty Dumpty," said Janie.

"Oh, we had more fun. It was a perfect circus! Mother, father and I bought him at some dog kennels. Oh, there were so many dogs there that we had such trouble to de-

eide until the moment I laid eyes on Humpty Dumpty. Then I knew he was the only one I wanted. Father says he is a thoroughbred."

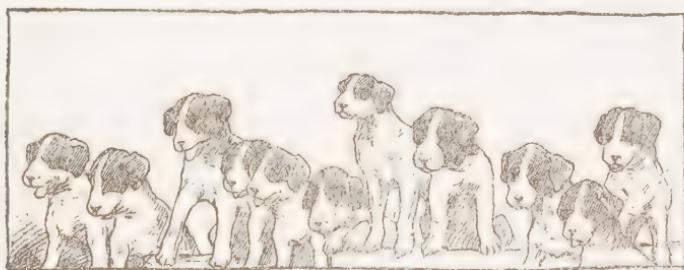
"Aren't you glad you got a dog for a Christmas present instead of a doll house?" asked Janie.

"Oh, my! Yes, I should think so. Hm! A doll house! I would rather have Humpty Dumpty than twenty doll houses," answered Betty Boyd, kissing him on his broad forehead.

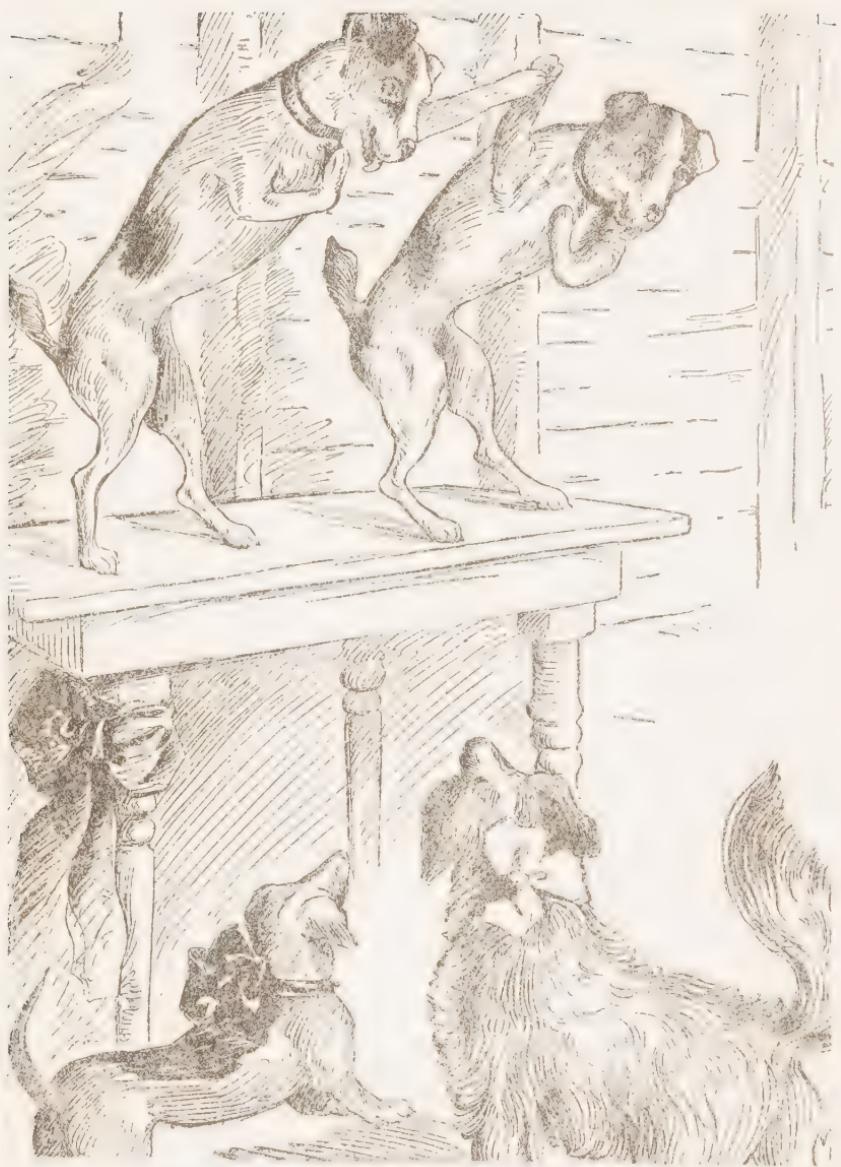
While the children were talking I went up to Humpty Dumpty because, being a stranger, I wanted to make him feel at home. He had begun to tell me how delighted he was at finding such a dear little mistress and such a good home, when ting-a-ling-a-ling, there was another ring at the bell, and in came Burton with Glad. As I was introducing Humpty Dumpty to Glad, the clock struck two, and by the barks and screams of laughter

that I heard, I knew that the rest of my guests were arriving.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Goodness, it is packs of fun to be a dog. And rah! rah! rah! it is packs of fun to give a dog's party.









Dachshund

## CHAPTER IX

First came Arthur Bright. He is the little boy who lives across the street from us, and he brought his dachshund, Hans, with him. Hans was a German dog, and that's how he came by his name. My! aren't dachshunds funny? They seem about two dogs long and

one dog wide. Ha! ha! That's a joke. Pretty good one, isn't it? After that I had better describe Hans to you.

He had a very long body, a long pointed tail, very short crooked legs, large feet turned way out, and low hanging ears.

The dachshund is a great hunter for small game, such as foxes, badgers, rabbits and other animals who live in holes in the ground. Mother Nature made him strong. You see, his deep, wide, low chest gives him power to dig, and his large paws are used as shovels when he burrows in the earth. Mother Nature looks after her dog children, fitting each one for its work, just as she does for the rest of her large family.

Then the dachshund has a great deal of courage and patience. If he has something to do for his master he will stand any amount of suffering before he will give up. He is a

splendid watchdog, too, as he hears the slightest noise, and no family need ever be afraid of thieves if they have a dachshund around.

But I am sorry to say that, as a rule, dachshunds do not make very good pets. Their dispositions are not loving and sweet. Of course, they are loyal to their masters, because all dogs are that. But they don't like strangers, and will pick a quarrel with almost any dog they meet, and they don't care if he is larger than they are.

I'll tell you something else about them. They are not obedient, and usually do just as they please, often acting like spoilt children. However, I suppose you don't know how spoilt children act, do you?

Now, you have heard enough about dachshunds and Hans, so I'll go on and tell you who else came to my party.

Right after Arthur, with a bark, a leap and a bound, in dashed one of the handsomest dogs I have ever seen in all the days of my dog life. Hanging to his collar was Glenn Marshall, the little boy who sits in front of Robert in school, and with whom he always plays at recess.

This dog was a great, wonderful St. Bernard, of the same size and age as his little master. Ah! that dog was a beauty. Although I've heard people say that bull terriers are fine looking, when I saw that splendid animal I remarked to myself, "We bull terriers can't hold a candle to the St. Bernards, in looks at least."

His heavy coat was of a reddish brown color. He had a large head, snow white breast, long ears and a long bushy tail and oh, such beautiful big brown soft eyes. Have you ever seen a dog that reminds you of Barry.

Yes, he was named Barry, after that famous St. Bernard dog who lived years and years ago. Have you heard how he saved many people from being lost and frozen in the terrible snowstorms among the mountains in Switzerland? He was such a hero that, when he died, his body was mounted and placed on exhibition in Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Many stories have been written about him. Perhaps you will read them some time.

The children and the dogs had just time to greet Barry when yells, shrieks, shouts, whistles and saucy sharp barks were heard. Of course we knew who were coming—the twins and their twin fox terriers, to be sure. They are the biggest noise-makers we know, and the cutest, funniest little scamps in all the world. Yes, I mean both boys and dogs.

Bow wow wow! I laugh whenever I think of them. They are such cute little clowns.

And the four of them are always together—just like Mary and her little lamb.

The boys' names were Chester and Lester, and the dogs' names were Rags and Tags. Everyone loves fox terriers. Although lively and mischievous, they are loyal, loving and good natured. And you should see the tricks that they can do! They are good rat catchers, too, and make fine little watch dogs.

Rags and Tags had white coats with black and tan markings on their heads and bodies. They look so much alike that I believe even their own mother couldn't tell them apart.

Oh, the hustle and the bustle, the excitement and noise that began the second Chester and Lester and Rags and Tags bounced into the room. Rags made a bee line for Barry and jumped upon his back, and Tags tried to grab Humpty Dumpty's curly tail as he chased him around and around, while Chester and

Lester showed the children a backward somersault they had just learned.

The last to come was Marjory Thorne and her dog King. Marjory is the children's piano teacher's little girl, and King is her collie.

There now! I knew as soon as I said "collie" you children would open your eyes. Everyone loves a collie. And I don't wonder at it!

King was a reddish tan, rough coated collie, with patches of white. He had a long plume of a tail that he waved in a friendly manner. His body was strong and well formed, and he had a pointed nose and bright, kind eyes. There was a sort of frill or collar of long hair around his neck. Did you ever notice a collie's frill?

I love collies because they are brave, affectionate, intelligent, obedient, kind and gentle. What more could one want of a dog? Are

there many persons who have all these good qualities, I would like to ask? No, indeed. But Mr. Morse has. Bow wow! Bow wow!

Now, I have told you about all the children and dogs that came to my party. I thought you would like to know something about them. You see, I, being a dog myself, can tell you these things a little better than folks. Next time you meet some of these dogs on the street, perhaps you will be able to tell to what dog families they belong.

There were eight dogs and ten children at my party. I put it "dogs and children" instead of "children and dogs" because it was a dogs' party. If it had been written up in the newspaper as some of Mrs. Morse's affairs are, it would have read like this:

"Mrs. Morse and the Morse children gave a party for their bull terrier dog, Spark Morse, on December 28th, in the Morse barn. Among

those present were Betty Boyd and her pug dog Humpty Dumpty, Barton Brown and his setter Glad, Arthur Bright and his dachshund Hans, Glenn Marshall and his St. Bernard Barry, Chester and Lester Ford with Rags and Tags, and Marjory Thorne and her collie King. The barn was beautifully decorated. Mrs. Morse and Polly served refreshments. An enjoyable time was had by both dogs and children."

Bow wow wow! and bow wow wow! I'm so happy! Whenever I think of that party and the jolly time we had I just have to bark and bark and bark, for all I'm worth. Bow wow! Bow wow! Bow wow!



Royal English Bull Dog

## CHAPTER X

You'll want to know what we did at the party, I'm sure. After everyone had talked to everyone else, Ruth called out, "Let us children go up in the loft and play a game of ring toss. I think our dogs will have more fun if they are left by themselves."

"All right," agreed the children. "First for a game of ring toss," cried Glenn. "Next," "next," "next," shouted the other youngsters as, laughing and pushing, they ran up the stairs.

We visited with each other a while, and then Rags suggested, "Let's do something."

"Yes, let's do something," echoed Tags, who always agreed with his twin.

"Humph! Aren't we doing something now?" growled Hans, looking as if he would like to swallow the twins at one gulp.

"Oh, I mean something a little different from just gossiping," said Rags. "This isn't a ladies' tea party where everyone just sits and talks and talks and talks."

"That's what I say," put in Tags. "And what's more, Hans doesn't need to be so cross about it, either."

"Oh, don't mind him," said Humpty

Dumpty the peaceful. "His bark is worse than his bite."

"Well, I think it is very rude to be so ill tempered at a party," stated Rags.

"So do I," agreed Tags, with a nod of his head.

As I was the host, I knew it was my duty to see that my guests had a good time, and that I must make peace before a real quarrel could begin. For a quarrel often leads to a fight, and I can tell you a dog fight is no joke. Bow wow! Anything but a joke! I know, because I was in one once, and Mr. Morse dropped some red pepper between the other dog and me to make us sneeze, so that we would let go of each other. Did you ever hear of stopping a dog fight in that way?

Well, as I was saying, I had to decide pretty quickly how to stop the fight that I felt was in the air. So, after thinking hard for a

couple of seconds, I jumped up onto a table that stood at one end of the room.

"Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow," I barked in a loud, deep tone, "Listen dogs, listen."

Although they had been making a frightful noise, they quieted at once and quickly gathered around the table to hear what I had to say.

"I have an idea," I stated.

"That's good news," giggled Rags.

"Fine," grinned Tags.

"There are so many different kinds of dogs here," I went on, not noticing the remarks of the twins. "As we don't know if we shall ever meet again, wouldn't it be fun to have each dog tell us something about himself and the dog family he belongs to? What do you say?"

"Good!" "Great!" "Fun!" "Jolly!" "Splendid!" cried the dogs in different voices.

"Then, since you are willing, we will begin at once. I'll ask Barry to take the chair."

"I'll be proud to," quickly answered Barry, leaping onto the table, while I jumped down and went and stood by Glad, who still seemed to feel a little strange.

"Who will begin?" asked Barry.

"I will! I will! I will!" cried the dogs in chorus. "Let me begin!" "I want to!"

"I can't ask you all at once," Barry said, looking at the eager faces. "Let us hear from our friend King, the collie, first. He looks as if he had a whole lot to tell us."

All the dogs barked loudly and wagged their tails. That was their way of applauding.

King made a bound for the table in such a hurry that he almost lost his balance. But, just saving himself, and taking his stand next to Barry, he bowed to the front, he bowed to

the right, he bowed to the left, and turned and bowed to the rear.

"I'm proud to be called on first, and I thank you for the honor," he began.

"Oh, don't mention it," said Rags, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"No, don't mention it," giggled Tags, nudging Hans, who growled at him.

"Don't interrupt the speaker," said Barry in a firm tone.

"Those fox terriers can't help interrupting," snarled Hans. "They don't know how to keep still—not even for a minute. They haven't any manners. All fox terriers are that way. Saucy little things!"

"I'd rather be a saucy fox terrier than a cross patch of a dachshund, any old time," snapped Rags.

"So would I," snapped Tags.



A tin plate filled with goodies and a pan of cool, fresh water were placed before each dog

"Please go on with your speech, King," requested Barry.

"Well, as I was saying," King went on, "I'm glad to have a chance to tell you about the collie. He is called the shepherd's friend because, without his help, the shepherd could not take care of his large flocks of sheep. Every dog is born to his work, and we collies are intelligent, and have keen scent, so that we can be of help to our good friend the shepherd. Then being with the shepherd as his companion, has made the collie wiser than the dogs who don't work with men."

"We collies don't mind the cold. Kind Mother Nature gave us what seems like two coats. We have long hair that is straight, hard and rather stiff, and all between, close to the skin, is short soft hair so furry and thick it is hard for the wind to find a way through it. Is it a wonder, then, that we don't fear

the coldest storms when we are so well protected?"

"We make excellent watch dogs. We are also good companions for children. I'm sure Marjory will tell you that this is true, because she loves me as dearly as I love her, and I couldn't begin to tell you how much that is.

"I have more to say, but I don't want to be selfish and take up all the time, so I'll stop right away and give some one else a chance. I thank you. Bow wow! Bow wow!"

As King jumped from the table the dogs cheered, barked and frisked about to show their delight with his speech.

"Bravo," cried Rags.

"Bravo," echoed Tags.

"That was certainly a fine talk," said Barry. "And now we will hear from our good, kind, fat friend, the children's 'delight, pet

and joy,' Mr. Humpty Dumpty—Why, where is Humpty Dumpty?"

We had not missed him until then, but, on looking around, we found him tight asleep in a corner. And oh! how he snored! The dogs burst into roars of laughter.

"I suppose he is not used to going into society," said King.

"He doesn't act as if he were," Hans snapped.

"Don't let's wake him up. He seems to be having such a good time," put in Glad.

"Isn't that the funniest thing! To go to sleep at a party!" cried Rags, doubling up with laughter.

"Oh, the funniest thing that ever was," exclaimed Tags.

It took a long time for Barry to quiet the dogs, there was such a chatter and such a

noise. But at last he was able to make them hear.

"Come, Rags; come, Tags. Now it is your turn to tell us about your merry selves."

The twins didn't have to be asked twice. As soon as they heard their names called, they barked "Delighted. All ready," and they rolled over and over each other until they reached the table. They leaped up and, standing with their paws on their chests, bowed very low. Then they sat down and began.

"Oh, we are little terriers gay;  
We love to frisk, we love to play.  
To catch the rats is our delight;  
We have keen eyes and such quick sight.  
Our scent is strong as you must know  
If after vermin we do go.  
As watch dogs we are also good,  
Protect a friend we ever would.

And tricks! Another time we'll do  
Some of our funny acts for you.

Now, thanking Spark for this good time,  
We end, dear friends, our little rhyme."

"Good!" "Great!" "Hurrah!" "Three  
cheers for the twins!" and the dogs all barked  
so loudly that Barry exclaimed:

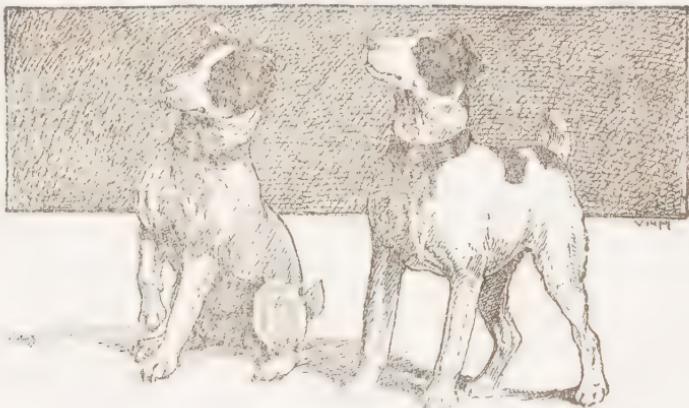
"Hush! hush! You'll bring the roof down.  
Sh! Sh! Sh!"

"I never knew you fellows could write  
poetry," said King.

"Of course we can," answered Rags,  
laughing.

"Certainly, most certainly, we can," giggled  
Tags.

"We are not real poets yet, but maybe  
we will be some day," added Rags, and the  
twins jumped from the table and walked on  
their hind legs around the room.



Fox Terriers

## CHAPTER XI

The dogs continued to frisk and romp about until Barry barked again for order.

"Will our friend Glad tell us something about himself and the setter family?" he asked.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Glad. "I've never been to a party before. And I've never

made a speech before because nobody ever cared to hear me speak."

"You must be two years old, if you are a day," said Hans. "It's time you began."

"Bow wow! Maybe you are right. Everyone is so good to me that I want to do something for somebody, so I'll try," answered Glad.

He slowly took his place next to Barry on the table, and stood a moment thinking of what he was going to say.

"I was the ugliest puppy of my mother's litter," he began. "No one cared for me or thought it worth while to try to find me a home. 'A dirty yellow cur!' I've often been called. But a tramp dog has a heart as big and soft as any dog.

"Often, as I was kicked and cuffed about and chased by dog catchers, I longed for a

master to love. As long as I live I can never thank Burton enough for taking me into his home and heart and changing me from an ugly, wretched stray dog into a respectable member of his family. I can only say, ‘Bless him and his mother and father!’”

As Glad paused to wipe away the tears that trickled down his face, I noticed that other dogs were busy with their paws doing the same thing. And Hans---what do you think he did? He marched right up to Glad, and rubbed his head against Glad’s shaggy coat.

“You’re all right, yellow dog,” he said, “and I’ll be a good friend of yours, too.”

“Burton has already taught me a few tricks,” Glad went on. “But I want to tell you something about the setter dog, for I really am proud of belonging to that family, even though I am one of the homeliest of the breed.

"There are three kinds of setters, the Irish setter, the English setter and the American Gordon setter. They are colored and marked differently, but they all have long bodies, good shaped limbs and long wavy hair. I am an Irish setter. Setters are intelligent and have pleasant dispositions and loving manners.

"King told you that every dog is born to his work. The setter is a hunter's dog, and his work is to hunt game. It is really wonderful how quickly, by means of his keen sense of smell, he finds its hiding place. Now, after telling you all this, can you blame me for being proud of my setter birth?"

The dogs loudly cheered Glad as he jumped down from the speaker's table. They rushed up to him, touched noses with him, and showed in their doggish ways how happy they were that his troubles were over. And Rags

and Tags playfully knocked him down and rolled him over and over until he cried, "Oh, I never had such a good time in all my life!"

"Bow wow! Bow wow! Attention!" barked Barry, and all the dogs stopped their frolicking and became as quiet as mice.

"It is getting late," he said. "I just had word that our refreshments are ready. I'm sorry we will not have time to hear from any more of our friends today. But, if we stayed too long we might not be invited to come again! We have not had the pleasure of listening to our dear host Spark. Or our snoring friend Humpty Dumpty who, by the way, I see has just awakened. Or to Hans, who never looked so happy before and has really been smiling for the last half hour. Or to myself, who have bushels and bushels to tell you of the brave St. Bernard dogs who have saved hundreds of lives. Still, I hope that

at our next party we shall be able to hear from all."

"Our next party?" cried the dogs in surprise. "What do you mean? Is there going to be another party?"

"Yes," answered Barry. "Lester and Chester just told Rags and Tags, and they told Spark to tell me to tell you that one month from today we are all invited to their house."

"Bow wow! Bow wow!" joyfully barked the dogs. "Bow wow! Bow wow!"

Then in the midst of the racket in trooped the children. From the looks of their rosy, laughing faces they must have had as good a time as we did. Each child took charge of his own dog. A tin plate filled with the goodies and a pan of cool, fresh water was placed before each dog by Mrs. Morse and Polly, with Ruth and Janie helping them.

Ah! maybe it wasn't quiet then while the dogs were busily eating!

The children had already had their ice cream, cake and candy, and they had been given little toy dogs for souvenirs. The cutest things! The heads came off and the bodies were filled with candy. Wasn't that a funny kind of dog? Ha! ha!

We dogs were given tinkling bells for souvenirs, and the children tied them to our collars with ribbons. Ha! ha! that made two for me!

Just before my guests left Mr. Morse came in to see us. As the dogs and children bade us goodbye, they all declared that they had had the time of their lives, and that they never would forget Spark Morse's party as long as they lived.

Then, with cheers and barks, and yells and yelps, they tumbled out of the barn.

"Did you have a good time, Spark?" asked Ruth.

"How do you like a dog's party?" Janie said.

"What have you to say, old fellow," from my dear Robert.

"You certainly look as if you had enjoyed yourself," Father Morse added, while Mother Morse patted me lovingly on the head.

"Bow wow! Bow wow!" I answered them all at once, jumping up and down. "It was a wonderful party—a wonderful party!"





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